

Sissy - Chapter 5

By Sweetdreemz

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Little sister moves in with couple

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The next week Al got up early Saturday to take care of the lawn work. Cindy had already been up a while, as she always got up early, even on her day off. Al grabbed a cup of coffee and joined Cindy at the patio dining table, where she was reading the paper.

They chatted for a while about work and the house and small talk. Then Al asked, "Do you ever think you'd like to have kids?"

"I've never really thought about it seriously, since I've never married."

"Well, think about it. Do you think you'd like to have a husband and family?"

"I don't know, why?"

"Well, I guess I just fear that you'll regret not having your own family someday. If you don't care about that, we love having you here. But if you felt the urge to have a family, we would understand and support that as well. It's all up to you, and we'll back you. OK?"

"Sure," said Cindy, though she wasn't at all sure. "I'll think about it."

"You know, my friend Ron from work, who you met a few weeks ago, would love to get to know you. He told me so."

"Oh," said Cindy, noncommittally.

"Let me know," Al said, as he got up to go get the lawn equipment.

"What was that all about?" Cindy wondered.

Over the next few weeks, both Debby and Al dropped other hints. Debby told her that she hoped she

didn't feel pressured into anything she didn't want to do, and that if she wanted to see other men, to let them know and they'd support it. The culmination was when they planned to meet at Dee Dee's for dinner one evening and Ron showed up with Al.

"Hi girls," Al said as he joined them after they'd already gotten a table. "Hope you don't mind, Ron was leaving work at the same time as me and I invited him along."

"No, not at all," both girls said.

Later that evening, Cindy felt like she was on the spot when Ron asked if he could call and asked for her phone number. She gave it to him, not wanting to make an awkward scene, and they all left. Ron called her the next night and asked her out, and they made plans to see a movie the following weekend. Al and Debby acted happy about that, encouraging her to "get out more, if she wanted."

Cindy began feeling like she was an intrusion on Debby's marriage and started looking for an apartment of her own. Her territory at work had been increased, as one of the other employees had quit and they decided to divide her territory rather than hire another person. So Cindy was doing a lot of driving and it really would be more convenient to move closer to the center of her territory.

It was only a few days later that Cindy dropped the bombshell on Al and Debby; she had found an apartment and would be moving out the coming weekend.

"Are you sure that's what you want to do, Cindy?" Al asked. "You don't have to do that if you don't want. You're welcome here. "

"I've lived my whole life in someone else's home; first mom and dad's, then here. It's time I had my own place. It'll be a lot more convenient for my work anyway."

Al rented a trailer on Friday and loaded it up with the bed from the guest room and such furniture as Cindy would need, in addition to towels, linens, and all sorts of household goods.

"What I don't have I can buy. Don't worry so much, you guys," Cindy said. "And when I get my own stuff I'll return yours."

"Aw, don't worry about it, Sissy," Al said.

At the end, Cindy started laughing. "Al, you look like you're gonna start crying. You'd think you guys were losing a kid. I'm just moving twenty miles away, it's not the end of the earth."

When they had finished unloading the trailer and setting up the furniture Al and Debby gave Cindy hugs and drove off. Cindy stood in her mostly bare new apartment, all alone, and looked around. She sat on her bed and started crying. After a few minutes she pulled herself together and went out to shop for a dinette set and some living room furniture. She spent most of the weekend shopping, and everything she bought was delivered on Monday. She felt a little better, now that she could at least sit someplace other than on the bed.

Ron continued to call, as he had non-stop since he got her number. On Wednesday Cindy agreed to have dinner with him, and he picked her up at her new apartment.

“Oh, this is really nice. I love your new furniture,” he said.

“Thank you. OK, I’m ready,” Cindy said, leading him to the door.

After dinner they walked around the waterfront for a while talking. When they got back to the apartment, Ron said, “Can I come in for a drink?”

“Sure,” Cindy said. “You want a beer or a glass of wine?”

“I’ll have some wine, I’m still kind of full from dinner,” he answered.

They sat on the couch, drinking their wine and talking. Ron took every opportunity to touch her arm, or her knee as they talked, and he moved closer to her. Finally he put his arms around her and kissed her on the lips. Cindy half-heartedly kissed him back, which was more than enough encouragement for Ron to press his case.

“I think you’re beautiful, Cindy. I’ve always thought so. I think I’m falling for you.”

Cindy wasn’t as smitten, but Ron was a good looking guy and such a nice man. Cindy didn’t stop his advances when he started fondling her breasts. He unbuttoned two buttons on her shirt and reached inside her bra, rubbing her nipple as he continued kissing her.

“I want you so much, Cindy,” he moaned. “Show me your bedroom.”

Cindy got up and took Ron’s hand, leading him into the bedroom. They stood next to the bed, kissing, then Ron began undressing her. When he had removed her shirt and was working on her bra, she said, “Just a minute, I’ll be right back.” She turned off the overhead light and switched on a lamp next to the bed. Then she pulled back the covers of her bed, went into the bathroom and shut the door. She came out a few minutes later with a robe on. Ron was in the bed, naked and

uncovered. His dick was half-erect. Cindy had a towel and some lotion which she put on the nightstand. Removing her robe, she slipped into the bed next to Ron.

“God, you’re gorgeous,” Ron said as he buried his face in Cindy’s breasts. He licked the nipples and sucked on them, gently biting them as Cindy ran her hands through his hair. He reached down and began rubbing Cindy’s pussy. Cindy took the lotion and squeezed some on his hand, and he started working his fingers into her. Cindy was breathing harder. She reached down and grabbed Ron’s shaft, which was hard and stiff by now.

By the time Ron mounted her, she was very aroused and eagerly took his entire length in two thrusts. As he drove his dick into her, she raised her hips to meet his thrusts, trying to get contact on her clitoris. The sensations were wonderful. As he drove in and out, it pulled the skin on her pussy in and out, stimulating her clit even though there was no direct contact.

Cindy guided Ron onto his back and mounted him, hoping that this position would give her greater contact on her clit. Her large breasts hanging down turned Ron on even more, and he greedily began rubbing one and sucking the other. The attention to Cindy’s nipples made her crazy with need. Not caring what Ron would think, she took her vibrator out of her nightstand and turned it on. She sank down all the way on Ron’s dick, leaned back, and put the vibrator between their groins, right on her clit. Her pussy was totally filled with Ron’s erection and her clit was throbbing with the sensations from the vibrator. Suddenly she knew she was about to cum. Keeping the vibrator glued to her clit, she bucked wildly up and down on Ron’s shaft.

Ron’s balls began to tingle and he shot his warm juices into Cindy. His mind went numb as his cock erupted, spewing seed into Cindy’s pussy. Intense pleasure centering in his dick made him oblivious to the world for the next thirty seconds. During that time, Cindy’s ride came to a mind-shattering climax. Her pussy sent waves of pleasure throughout her body. Her pussy contractions lasted at least fifteen seconds, but seemed much longer. Finally she collapsed on Ron’s body. Ron wrapped her in his arms and caressed her, whispering in her ear.

Ron wanted to spend the night, and Cindy didn’t feel like arguing, so he spent the night in her apartment. The next morning, Cindy felt like a long run. By the time she got back, an hour later, Ron was getting out of bed. He wanted to spend the day with her, but Cindy said she had lots to do, so he got dressed and left.

“I’ll call you later,” he said as he left.

It started with a toothbrush; then a few articles of clothing. And soon it seemed like it was becoming their apartment, instead of hers. Ron was nice, and good looking, and she enjoyed sex with him. But

for some reason, she was still a little uneasy. Cindy rarely allowed him to spend the night. That seemed like a line she didn't want to cross. It was as though that would be the ultimate threat to her new-found independence. Ron grumbled about the drive, but complied with her wishes.

"I don't know why we can't just get one apartment for the both of us. It would save a lot of money, and we could spend more time together. Wouldn't you like that, Cindy?" Ron asked continually.

"I don't think I'm ready for that," Cindy would always answer.

One Saturday afternoon, Cindy was lying in a chaise lounge near the pool, soaking up some sun. Ron came up to her unexpectedly. He had talked Cindy into giving him a key to her apartment, "just in case of emergency", and he had used it to enter the pool area.

"Ron, I wasn't expecting you," Cindy said, surprised.

"I missed you and thought I'd come by," he said, pulling up a deck chair.

"Oh," Cindy said, feeling a bit miffed.

"Can we go in?" Ron asked. "It's a little hot here in the sun."

"Yes, let's go in," Cindy agreed, putting her book and sunglasses in her bag and taking her towel. When they got in Cindy's apartment, Cindy turned to Ron and said, "Ron, why did you come here without calling?"

"I told you, I missed you and wanted to see you."

"I haven't been honest with you, Ron. There's something I want to say. I'm not comfortable with you having your stuff here, or having a key to my apartment. I've never had my own place in my whole life. I've never been independent before. And it's very important to me. I like you, Ron, but I'd like you to give me back the key and take your stuff out of here."

"But Cindy, I love you. I thought you loved me. I want to marry you. I want to be with you all the time."

"Ron, I like you, but I can't. Please go," Cindy said, turning her eyes away from him.

Ron looked stunned. "What are you saying, Cindy? Do you want to break it off between us? Would you rather I not call anymore?"

"Maybe that would be best. At least for a little while. Can you do that, Ron? Can you give me some space for a while? Maybe I'll call you later, but a little time and space is what I need most right now."

Ron looked like he would start to cry, but he slipped the key off his key ring and laid it on the table. Then he got his clothes and toiletries and put them in a bag. "Goodbye," he muttered as he walked out.

Now Cindy was truly all alone for the first time since moving to California. She lay on her bed and cried for a long time.

"I haven't seen you twice in the whole time since you moved out, and that's been five months," Debby said. "Let's get together this Saturday and go shopping, if you aren't busy with Ron."

"I haven't seen Ron in a couple of months," Cindy said.

"Oh, I didn't know that. What happened?"

"Nothing in particular. He's really nice, I just don't love him. He kept proposing, and finally I had to tell him I didn't love him."

"I'm sorry. So what have you been doing since then?"

"Nothing. I'm not seeing anybody steady."

"Are you lonely?"

"I'm OK," Cindy said.

"We'll talk Saturday. Let's meet at the mall around 10:00. I'll text you when I get there."

"OK, see you then," Cindy said. "Love you."

"Love you too."

"Why didn't you tell me that Cindy and Ron broke up?" Debby demanded before Al had even had a chance to get through the door that night.

"Hello to you, too," Al said good-naturedly. "What's this about Cindy and Ron? I don't know what they're up to."

“How can you not know, you work with him, for Christ’s sake.”

“Settle down, Debby, let me get in the door before you start reaming me. Ron reports to me, so it’s kind of tricky. We don’t talk about our personal lives. I would think you’d talk to your sister.”

“She’s worse than you are. You have to drag every bit of information out of both of you,” Debby complained.

Al put his stuff down and tried to hug Debby, “What’s wrong, baby? Why are you so upset?”

Debby started crying, and pulled away from Al. “I don’t know why you had to introduce them in the first place. And you practically kicked Cindy out of our house. I don’t see her much more than I did when she lived across the country. And you’re never here, you’re always working, or playing golf, or at the gym or something. You don’t care about me or Cindy. You don’t give a shit about anyone but you.” As she said this, she started sobbing uncontrollably, but wouldn’t let Al console her. “Just leave me alone, don’t even touch me,” she said.

Al knew that Debby was just upset and didn’t really mean it. Though his heart rate went up, he tried to stay calm. “I’m going to change clothes, then we can talk about it, OK?” he said as he went to his bedroom. He hadn’t noticed until he thought about it, but Debby’s behavior had been different over the last few days. She had always been emotional, and was often a little bitchy toward Al, but never before like it was lately. “I wonder what she’s unhappy about,” he wondered. Usually she got over it quickly, but not lately. Al tried several times to talk to her, but she was totally unreasonable. After dinner, she took her PJ’s, her book and her toiletries and went to Cindy’s room, slamming the door.

“Come on, open up and talk to me, baby,” Al said through the door.

“Go away, I’m going to watch TV and read my book. I don’t need company to do that.”

“Damn,” Al thought to himself. “I’ve never seen her like this. And over nothing.”

Cindy and Debby spent the morning shopping on Saturday, then got a table at the Italian restaurant in the mall. As they ate they talked.

“So how is Al,” Cindy asked.

“Fine,” Debby said without enthusiasm.

“Oh. That sounds... uh, ... fine,” Cindy said. “Is there anything wrong?”

“He’s just such a jerk. He doesn’t talk to me unless he wants something and he’s always working. He doesn’t care about me like he used to,” Debby said, as a tear ran down her cheek.

“That’s not true, Debby, Al is crazy about you and always has been. What’s wrong?”

“I don’t know, he’s just not the same lately. I wonder if he’s having an affair. He’s always at the office, or so he says.”

“He’s always worked long hours. Have they changed? Has his behavior changed? Do you have any reasons to suspect him?”

“I don’t know. Let’s forget Al. Tell me about you. Have you got any prospects?”

“No. I’ve been asked out by a few people. I saw one guy a couple of times, but for the most part nothing. One guy that took me out turned out to be married. I guess he thought he didn’t need to let me know that little detail. I’ve been hit on by several of my customers, but I’m sure most of them are married and I don’t want to date clients anyway. I hate dating. It’s enough to make you join a convent.”

Debby chuckled at that. “I don’t think you’d make a good nun, Cindy.”

The girls spent the rest of the afternoon together. Both of them remarked that they’d forgotten how much they enjoyed each other’s company and vowed to make plans together more often.

One morning the next week, on her regular round, she was talking to one of her favorite customers. It was only 8:00 in the morning, so there was nobody but the boss in the restaurant, but Gio was already running a hundred miles an hour as always. He was always animated and he talked loudly. It was like he had been up for hours and had drunk a pot of coffee already, but that was just Gio, he was always like that. He talked with his hands a lot, and he was always a little too touchy feely with Cindy, but in a good natured sort of way.

“Hey, Cindy, come in. Damn, why don’t you ever come eat here, you need to put some meat on your bones,” he said as he patted her tummy. “I worry about you.”

Cindy took his hand off her stomach and said, “Don’t worry about me, Gio, I’m fine.” They went into the pantry and Cindy asked, “what do you need this week?” She turned to look at the shelves and started making notations on her clipboard. As she continued working on her order form, Gio came up

behind her and slid his hands up her loose fitting top. He put his hands under her bra, moving it up out of the way as he fondled her titties. He pushed his crotch against her butt and Cindy could feel his warm breath on her neck. He did all this so quickly it took Cindy by surprise.

“Cindy, you make me crazy. You’re so sexy,” Gio said.

Cindy could feel his stiff cock rubbing against her butt. “Aw, Gio, give me a break. I’ve gotta work, what are you doing?” She reached down to push him away and realized he had dropped his pants. Cindy panicked. “No, Gio, you can’t,” she said, as she tried to push him away. He latched onto her titties and buried his face in her neck and his cock against her butt. He reached under her skirt to try to pull down her panties as he continued to fondle her tits with the other hand.

“No, Gio,” she said, trying to push him away, but his grip around her chest was too tight for her to break free. He was humping her panties with his bare cock as he played with her nipples. Cindy reached around and grabbed his penis, directing it away from her butt, and squeezed it. Gio froze. Cindy squeezed it and pulled it several times as Gio played with her big tits. Finally he sprayed his load on a shelf, where it dripped down on a bag of flour. Cindy bolted out of the pantry, grabbing an apron on the way to wipe off her hands, ran outside to her car and left. She pulled her car off into a parking lot and stopped it. Her head slumped down onto the steering wheel. She sat there a long time, crying. Finally she pulled herself together, fixing her hair and makeup, and left to finish her rounds.

“Cindy, I’m sorry,” Gio said the next time she went to his restaurant.

“Stop,” Cindy said. “Don’t ever talk about that again. You can’t touch me anymore. You understand?”

“Yeah, I’m sorry. It’s just that....”

“Stop! It doesn’t matter. You just can’t do that anymore. You think that’s fun for me? What am I supposed to do the rest of the day, have you dripping in my panties while I’m trying to make my rounds? Just forget it. If you touch me again, I’ll never come back. Okay?”

“Okay,” he said.

“You want me to get a different rep to handle your orders?”

“No.”

“Why is it that every guy I meet turns out to be a kook?” Cindy asked Debby the next time they got

together. "I don't want Mr. Perfect, just somebody normal, but all I seem to get is guys that still live with their mother, or are perverts or stoners."

"I don't know," said Debby. "You'll meet your special somebody, you just have to kiss a few frogs first."

"What's your secret, Debby, how come you got so lucky with Al?"

Debby looked away and said, "I don't know."

"How are things going with you guys these days?"

"OK," Debby said.

"You sure?"

"Yeah."

Cindy was watching TV in her apartment one night when her phone rang. She was surprised to see it was Ron. She hadn't talked to him in several months.

"Hello Ron," she answered.

"Hi, babe," he said. "Can we talk?"

"Sure," she said.

"I've got something I'd like to talk to you about in person. Won't take five minutes. Can I meet you somewhere tonight?"

"I guess so. Where and when?"

"I can come by your apartment and meet you in the rec room in twenty minutes."

"OK, call me when you pull up."

Ron sat across the table from Cindy. His eyes were twinkling and he looked really upbeat. "Hi Cindy. You look fabulous."

“Hello Ron.”

Ron took both her hands in his and said, “Cindy, when was the last time you took a vacation to an exotic location for a whole week?”

“I don’t think I’ve ever done that,” Cindy said.

“Why not?”

“I don’t know, I guess the opportunity never came up.”

Ron slid an envelope across the table to Cindy and said, “Listen to me, don’t talk for just a minute, OK? I haven’t taken a vacation in six years, and the reason is because it’s no fun going alone. Since my divorce I haven’t taken a single vacation more than fifty miles from here or for more than two days at a time. That envelope contains an airline ticket to Maui for you. It’s non-refundable and non-changeable. There’s also a confirmation number for a hotel room for you. I want you to come with me. There’s no obligation. You don’t have to sleep with me, or stay with me, or anything, but I want you to come with me. It’ll be fun. Have you ever been to Hawaii?”

“No,” Cindy said.

“Well, think about it,” Ron said as he got up. “I guarantee we’ll have fun. If you decide not to go you can just throw away the ticket, nobody else can use it. I hope you’ll decide to come. Good night.”

When Cindy told Debby about it, she said, “Oh, go for it. What have you got to lose? It sounds like a great trip.”

Cindy called Ron a couple of weeks before they were to leave and told him she’d be going with him. “I’m glad to hear that, Cindy,” he said.

“I appreciate the offer,” Cindy replied. “Why don’t we get together Wednesday at Frederick’s? I’ll treat. Fredericks was one of their favorite restaurants.

When they had settled in their favorite booth, Cindy told him, “I cancelled the room you reserved for me. There’s no reason for us to have separate rooms. I appreciate the airfare, but I don’t want you to have to pay for an extra room.”

They were both excited about the trip. Cindy had never been to Hawaii. For that matter, she’d hardly ever been anywhere. And Ron was really happy that Cindy was willing to go with him.

On route to Hawaii they excitedly talked about their plans. "The first few nights in Hawaii, you're still on San Diego time, so you tend to get up really early. That's why I booked us a trip to the top of Haleakala for the first morning. You have to leave really early to get there in time to watch the sun rise, and we'll be up anyway, so that's the best time to go. We can rent bikes and take a twenty three mile ride down the mountain."

"Aloha," the check in clerk said as they registered for their room. They were given a lei by a pretty girl who also handed them a rum punch. Because of the difference in time zones, it was still early in the day, so they had plenty of time to enjoy the fabulous weather and beach. As soon as they checked in they changed into their swim suits and headed to the beach.

"One thing I'm going to do while I'm here is learn how to wind surf," Ron said.

"One thing I'm going to do while I'm here is relax on the beach and work on my tan," Cindy said.

Ron grabbed Cindy and held her close, kissing her on the lips. "God, you're beautiful. Thanks for coming with me."

"Thanks for bringing me. This is the sweetest thing anyone's ever done for me," Cindy said.

Ka'anapali beach turned out to be the most spectacular beach that Cindy could ever have imagined; white sand like sugar and clear blue water. She sat in the sun for a while, then went for a jog on the beach. Meanwhile, Ron had rented windsurfing equipment and paid for a lesson. Cindy could see him far out from shore. When going with the wind, he would fly down the shoreline. When trying to tack into the wind, she could see him struggling. Whenever he dropped the sail and it got wet she could see the difficulty it was to try to upright himself. By the time he came back to shore, he was panting and his muscular body was glistening with sweat and sea water. He flopped down next to her. "Wow, that was harder than I expected."

"Yeah, it looked hard from here. I can only imagine from out there."

They took turns showering, and when they were dressed they walked down to the hotel restaurant and enjoyed a great seafood dinner on the outdoor patio. "This is paradise," Cindy said. "Thanks again for bringing me here. This is the best trip ever."

They were back in the room before seven, and even though it was so early, they were completely spent. Their body clocks thought it was ten o'clock, and they had started early that morning to get to the airport. Plus they had to get up early the next morning for their sunrise trip to the top of the

volcano.

There was a huge Jacuzzi tub in the bathroom. Ron turned on the water as Cindy was washing her face and brushing her teeth to get ready for bed. By the time she was ready for bed, the large tub had enough water to cover the jets so Ron could turn them on. Cindy came over in her bathrobe and gave Ron a hug. "What did you have in mind," she said, looking him in the eyes.

He gave her a kiss on the tip of her nose and said, "One last swim."

Ron reached into his bag and said, "Did you bring a vibrator?"

"No," Cindy answered. "I didn't want people in security to see me bringing one."

"I figured as much, so I brought one for you in my checked bag," he said, handing her a waterproof vibrator. Then Ron took off his underwear and eased into the hot bathtub.

Cindy took off her clothes and joined him. They sat side by side in the oversized tub. Ron leaned over her and kissed her, fondling her breasts. Cindy kissed him back and grabbed his dick. Ron gently rubbed her pussy. "Hold on a minute," Cindy said, stepping out of the tub and grabbing her makeup kit. She grabbed a bottle of Vaseline and stepped back into the tub. As Ron lay back in the tub, Cindy rubbed some of the Vaseline on his dick and sat on his lap, working her pussy onto his dick. She flicked on the vibrator and lay back against him. Ron hugged her, playing with her tits, as she played with her pussy with the vibrator. With Cindy's weight on Ron, he wasn't able to move in and out of Cindy much, so he lay fairly still as Cindy played with herself while he tweaked her nipples and kissed the nape of her neck. He reached behind her thighs and lifted her legs, allowing her to slide down on his shaft and provide deeper penetration. Cindy was writhing on Ron's dick while the waterproof vibrator hummed against her pussy. She turned her head and locked her lips on Ron's as she climaxed. Ron held her tightly. As she regained her composure, Ron caressed her and kissed her.

Cindy got up off Ron and turned facing him. "That was nice," she said. Squatting over him, she eased her pussy onto his dick and gently worked it into her. She put her hands on his chest to steady herself and started humping his dick slowly. Ron reached up and let her tits rest in his palms as they hung down. As she moved up and down on his dick they swayed back and forth, rubbing the erect nipples over his hands.

"AAAH, AAAH, AAH," he yelled as he sprayed his semen into Cindy. "AAAWw, umm, uuh, uuh." He closed his eyes and lay still, as Cindy stopped pumping his dick.

The next day was better than Cindy could have imagined. The view from the top of the volcano was spectacular when the sun rose. The bike ride down from the Haleakala National Park was exhilarating. It was late in the afternoon before they got back to the hotel, tired from their biking and driving. They went to the pool bar, and ordered hamburgers. They had a nice view of the ocean as they ate.

“Man, this is the life,” Ron said. Cindy agreed.

After eating they went looking in the art galleries and souvenir shops at the mall nearby. They idled the evening away and went to bed early again.

“Tomorrow we can sleep in,” Ron said. “Maybe we’ll get our bodies on schedule.”

The next day was a beach day. Ron tried the windsurfing again for an hour in the morning and again in the afternoon. He was definitely improving. He plopped down on the beach chair next to Cindy and rested in the shade of the umbrella, while Cindy sat in the sun.

“You’re looking like a pro out there,” Cindy said.

“It’s a lot of work, especially tacking into the wind, but it’s a blast flying downwind.”

Cindy basked in the brilliant sunshine as Ron studied her beautiful body from behind his sunglasses. Cindy was getting drowsy, and Ron was getting horny.

“You about ready for a break from the sun?” Ron asked.

“What did you have in mind?” Cindy said, raising her sunglasses and looking at Ron’s crotch.

“You know me too well,” Ron laughed.

Cindy’s body glowed in a beautiful tan and her skin was warm to the touch. They rinsed off in the shower and fell into bed together, hugging and kissing. Soaking in the sun always made Cindy horny, and watching Cindy soaking in the sun had the same effect on Ron. Ron rubbed his hard dick against Cindy as they lay together hugging and kissing. He caressed Cindy’s body and whispered in her ear. He began playing with her pussy and nibbling on her nipples. He put some lotion on his fingers and started gently playing with Cindy’s pussy. He grabbed the vibrator, turned it on and gently rubbed it on Cindy’s slit. He sat up in the bed and inserted two fingers into her pussy as he barely teased her clit with the vibrator.

“I want you in me,” Cindy said, pulling him toward her. She lay on her side and Ron nestled behind her. He easily entered her aroused pussy in one thrust. “Ummm, you feel so good in me,” Cindy moaned. Cindy took the vibrator from Ron and directed it on her clit as Ron took long, steady thrusts into her. The feelings were exquisite; Ron driving his hard dick into her wet pussy while the vibrator relentlessly stimulated her clit. Cindy felt a climax coming and moaned, “Umm, I’m cumming.” Ron frantically drove deeper into Cindy as he felt his balls start tingling.

“Oomph, oom, AWWWggg,” Ron cried as his dick blasted its load into Cindy. They climaxed together violently, writhing in pleasure as Ron clasped Cindy against him. They lay together silently for a while, then Ron began relaxing his hold on her.

“That was nice,” Cindy murmured to Ron. She wiped herself off, then covered herself with the sheet and lay there until she went to sleep. They napped for half an hour, then went back to the beach.

After a little more sunbathing, Cindy decided to take a jog on the beach and Ron joined her. She loved jogging on the beach. The soft sand provided more cushion for her knees, but really worked her calves. It was more work than jogging on a hard surface, so she got a better workout in less time.

At dinner they discussed their plans for the rest of the week. Cindy wanted to do a luau. Ron wanted to do the helicopter trip and they looked at brochures for other events. All the events were expensive, but split two ways it wasn’t too bad, and they had the money, so they just did everything they wanted without worrying about the cost. This was truly a trip of a lifetime, after all.

“I can’t believe it’s already time to go back,” Cindy said as they waited for their plane at the end of the week. “The week flew by. This is by far the best vacation I’ve ever had,” she said as she squeezed Ron’s hand. “Thank you for making this happen, Ron.”

“Thanks for coming with me. This is the best trip I’ve ever had, too.”

As Ron unloaded Cindy’s bags from the back of his car, he asked, “Can we get together this week?”

“I’d like that,” Cindy said. “Call me tomorrow and we’ll talk.”

It was another month before Cindy and Debby were able to coordinate their schedules and spend another day together. They met at the mall, as usual.

“You’ve got to tell me all about your trip,” Debby said. “I haven’t seen you since you got back.”

“I’ve got something to tell you first,” Cindy said. “Ron and I are getting married. We want you and Al

to be in our wedding.”

“What?” Debby asked incredulously. “I knew you went to Hawaii together, but I had no idea. Congratulations, Cindy.” Debby gave her a big hug and said, “I’m so happy for you. Are you excited?”

“Yeah, and a little nervous.”

“You’ll get over the nerves. I hope you’re very happy together. Ron’s sweet, and a hunk. That’s great news. I guess Al was right after all.

“What do you mean?”

“Al was afraid that you would always regret not striking out on your own and having your own husband, even though you said you wouldn’t. I told him to leave you alone, but I guess it turns out he was right.”

“So the reason you and Al kept on me about moving out wasn’t because you wanted your own space?”

“Of course not, silly. Why would you think that?”

“I don’t know.”

“So when is the date?”

They talked excitedly about the wedding as they went to some of the bridal stores. “It’s going to be a small wedding,” Cindy said, “so I’m not going to register anywhere. We’re too old for a big fancy wedding. We’re just going to invite our closest friends and family.”

At lunch, Cindy said, “All we’ve talked about is me. What about you and Al, what’s new with you?”

“Nothing’s ever new with us,” Debby said. “Same old shit, all the time.”

“How’s Al?” Cindy pressed.

“He’s O.K.” Debby said. “He’ll be real happy for you and Ron.”

As they said goodbye, they promised to get together more often, as they always did. But with Ron taking so much of Cindy’s time, it was hard to plan dates with her sister. “Maybe after we’re married,

he'll back off a little bit," Cindy thought to herself as she drove home.

Al was stunned when he heard the news. "Wow, that's great news for Cindy, but I have to say, I didn't expect that. See, I guess I was right about Cindy just needing to get out on her own to find her own way. Aren't you glad now that I encouraged her to date?"

"I guess so," Debby said.

Al raised an eyebrow and looked at his wife, "What do you mean, 'you guess so.' What's wrong, Debby?"

"I don't know. I hope they're happy together too. I just wonder if Cindy's doing this because she was lonely on her own or if she's really excited about Ron."

"Now who's trying to fix what ain't broke?"

"I guess you're right," Debby sighed, but she had her doubts.